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Beethoven's Letters (according to Nohl).

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(Concluded.)

So in the case of No. 220, to which letter Nohl suggests the address of Artaria, his ignorance of the original has been very unlucky, for the initial letter used at the beginning is an S not an A. Both from the contents and from the words at the signature, "*Amicus ad Amicum*,"—which Nohl has not given—Schindler may well be supposed to have been the addressee, for, judging from No. 266, Schindler does not appear to have carefully preserved in full all the letters addressed to him.*

Numberless instances too might be brought together here, which would amply prove how greatly Herr Nohl is wanting in every sort of philological tact and that exactness which is indispensable to one who assumes the duties of an editor. Thus (to this latter point) he omits in some cases the needed comments as to the form of the letters, and in others makes arbitrary changes in the text. To No. 190 (Ries) there is a postscript "by his (B's) own hand," as Ries expressly says; No. 246 Ries himself calls "Extract of a letter the beginning of which is not at hand;" both these facts Herr Nohl deems it unnecessary to impart. The particular instances of caprice and inexactness are too numerous, that we should point them all out.† It is particularly annoying to see how he frequently alters the orthography and punctuation, in places where these are peculiar to Beethoven's mode of expressing himself. He even makes these unjustifiable changes, when editing already printed letters.

But though Herr Nohl decides not to prepare a running biographical commentary to the letters ("so as not to disturb the "electric current"), he nevertheless adds to most of them notes, longer or shorter, containing explanations of fact or expressions of opinion. But in extremely few cases are they such as to convey any new information,—though certain notices from the papers of Schindler and one to No. 61, founded upon an oral communication of Malfatti, are exceptions; for the most part they are copied from well-known biographies and other sources easily attainable, though he rarely names his authority, thus repeating the fault which has been censured above. In this part of his work, too, no fixed principle seems to guide him; while that which was already well known and unnecessary abounds, we frequently miss needful explanations to passages really containing new matter. Why, for instance, has he nothing to tell us of Mademoiselle Gerardi, of Auguste Sebald, of Prince Fitzliputzli (103), &c.? On the other hand, it is not very

* In this letter, moreover, instead of "in dem Jahr," which makes no sense, it must be, according to the original: "in der Woche."

† We will however mention the letter 238 to Peters (from the *N. Zeitschrift*) in which Nohl has changed "einige Tage mehr," into "einige Tage mehr," and at the word "Knabe," has omitted the words "von 15 Jahren."

important to learn that Dr. Schebek in Prague has a very fine collection of autographs.

Besides, the same unreasonable caprice, above censured, is seen in these comments; and when a doubtful or contested point comes up, his want of judgment appears to an incredible degree. Let us take the letters to Bettine von Arnim as an instance, the authenticity of which, in the form in which we have them, it is well-known, is universally doubted. Now, Herr Nohl comes and informs us that he has never doubted their genuineness, and no one, who reads his collection as now published, can longer retain a doubt; while for those who are not convinced by the "internal evidence," let the testimony of the "competent expert," M. Carriere, who has seen the letters, suffice.

What Nohl means here by his "internal evidence" we are unable to perceive; for the affected-sentimental, nay more, self-conceited tone, which runs through these three letters, is not to be discovered in any other one whatever. Just compare the third, dated August, 1812, at Toplitz, with the billets above mentioned, written at the same time and place, to Amalie Sebald, and the difference is manifest. What Beethoven says in this letter of his meeting with Goethe, of his demeanor in the presence of persons of the very highest rank, and of his contempt for honors and distinctions—judged by what we know of his character from other sources—is an absolute impossibility. When one thinks of the additions made by Bettine to the letters of Goethe, her testimony loses its value, and Professor Carriere, in a mere question of memory, can be of no more weight as an expert than any other person. Both internal and external reasons, therefore, combine to force us to the opinion, that these letters, *as we have them*, cannot have come from Beethoven; and we shall remain of this opinion until somebody comes and assures us that he has seen the original letters in this form.*

Of other mistakes in Nohl's comments, we note a few.

To the 18th letter (to Varena), and as a correction of Schindler, he notes the composition of "King Stephan" and the opening of the Pesth theatre as having been in the winter of 1811. From Thayer and also from the *Allg. Mus. Zeitung*, 1865, No. 7, he might have known that the latter event took place February 12, 1812. The letters to Giulietta Guicciardi he dates 1800, because she, according to Thayer, married in 1801; this obliges him to change the date of a letter to Wegeler from 1801 to 1800, in order to avoid a contradiction. Where Thayer makes this statement he does not inform us; while, if he refers to an oral communication, his memory must certainly play him false.† The letter of Wegeler must, however, retain its date 1801, for in that year that first portrait of Beethoven, mentioned

* The reasoning of the reviewer is good *quoad* Nohl; nevertheless in this case Nohl is in the right in the opinion of the present

TRANSLATOR.

† This was so, as a note, addressed by Thayer to a public journal at the time, states.

in it, was made. We obtain this fact from a source, which, as we believe, would convince even Herr Nohl. The marriage took place in 1803, and, therefore, the well established date of these letters is not to be altered.

The letter, No. 50, is made to refer to a concert described by Reichardt, in 1808; but a comparison of the facts for and against this conclusion make it appear, to say the least, in the highest degree an arbitrary one. Such instances of carelessness naturally make the reader suspicious of all Nohl's statements to which he has not added his authorities and so given means of control.

To mention other errors would be but waste of room and superfluous. Still there is another fault not to be passed by without notice, viz., that Nohl, when his comments can be made in one or in few words, is accustomed to place them in [] in the text, and thus deform it. It is inconceivable how he could bring himself to thus continually interrupt the "electric current," and cause us, in the midst of the best impressions made by Beethoven's words, to stumble over his own.

Herr Nohl has attempted to arrange the letters in chronological order. Those having dates arrange themselves of course. As to those which are without them, he sometimes hits the mark pretty well; in other cases, all is caprice and uncertainty, not to be avoided especially as regards the numerous notelets, whose contents afford not the slightest clue to a date. Thus the letters to Collin (44), Gleichenstein (45), Hammer Purgstall (59) and others, have received their present positions, either quite without reason or at best by the vaguest guess. Moreover, how it is possible that two letters to Ries should fall upon the same date, (Sept. 5, 1823), he has omitted to explain.

Such confusion having been unavoidable, no chronological order should have been attempted; the letters were much better arranged in groups according to persons, in which case Beethoven's relations to individuals would have been more readily understood.

The three divisions of the book into "Life's Joy and Sorrow" (1783-1815), "Life's Task" (1815-1823), "Life's Toil and End" (1823-1827) are equally preposterous and ridiculous. Whoever knows Beethoven's life, knows that its task did not begin in 1815, and that 1823 forms no distinct era in it.

Another external annoyance is that the letters are not uniformly superscribed, for which no reason appears but the haste of the editor.

Not a word is needed to show how far the faults, here criticized, are from being a recommendation to a man employed upon a biography of Beethoven.

A table of names and contents is added to the collection, apparently to aid in reference,—but this table is not quite so innocent as it seems at first sight. The names take almost imperceptibly the forms of short biographies, not imparting anything new, but giving the old in the charac-

teristic Nohl-coloring. For instance, Carl Holz is called "a rather loose Vienna chatterbox (Zeiserl), who with his light views of life sometimes even infected and controlled the severe Beethoven." (?) And Marx receives from him this eulogy, "that he up to the present day remains the most pregnant representative in our art."

Perhaps this last Nohl-production has engaged us too long; but it was necessary to show that all the faults, that all the carelessness, which characterized him in the biography of Beethoven, come before us again in this collection of letters. If Herr Professor Nohl goes on making books in this superficial manner, he may perhaps impose upon children and the ignorant, but the higher criticism will not be able to take farther notice of him.

The Handel Triennial Festival.

(From the London Times.)

FIRST DAY, JUNE 15.

The Handel Festival commenced worthily on Monday at two o'clock, with a truly magnificent performance of the magnificent *Messiah*. If the first day of the great commemoration, now triennially held in honor of "the glorious Handel," is to be looked upon as the day of mark, to no other work than the *Messiah* could it be justly devoted.

After an enthusiastic and well-merited tribute to Mr. Costa—in his way a giant, too—the National Anthem was performed, under precisely the same conditions as were described in our notice of the general rehearsal. The vast audience, considerably upwards of 19,000 in number, respectfully stood up during the marvellously fine execution of our National Anthem, the finest, without exception, to which we ever listened, and as respectfully sat down, at the conclusion, without giving utterance to any of the obsequious demonstrations that used so frequently to denote the satisfaction of all hearers at its performance.

Then began the masterpiece of masterpieces in sacred music—the grandest epic, although music is the language which eloquently develops its purport and intent, in existence. That every note of the *Messiah* must have been familiar to countless numbers of those present on Monday may be taken for granted. But the *Messiah* can only be heard once in three years as it was heard on the present occasion; and, indeed, in many respects, we may say that it had never been so heard before. Noble as, at the Festival of 1865, was the execution of the overture, with its grave and stately introduction, and its vigorous fugal movement, the theme of which must always recall that of the chorus in *Israel*. "He smote the first-born of Egypt" (although the key is not the same), it was still nobler on Monday. The "400 strings," in the fugue, "came out" with a force unprecedented. Immediately after this admirable orchestral prelude, the air, "Comfort ye, my people," was delivered by Mr. Sims Reeves with that appreciation of the text, both of words and music, in which during our time he has known no rival, producing the soothing effect suggested by the words and realized by the music. In the recitative, "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness," this gentleman's declamation was perfect, while his execution of the florid passages of "Every valley," the quick movement forming a sequel to the air, was all that could be desired. The sudden appearance of the chorus, after this, is invariably one of the striking points of the *Messiah*. It would hardly be possible to obtain a more effective delivery of "And the glory of the Lord—" with its three themes, so distinct from each other, and yet so homogeneous when employed in combination. Where the phrase, "All flesh shall see it," in quick divisions, is mixed up with the other, "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," in long sustained notes, it seemed as if the last was the natural bass to the first, and could not be used (as it is, nevertheless), in any other section of the choral harmony. The whole was as clear as though it had been sung by a quartet of solo voices, instead of by upwards of 800 to a part. Mr. Santley followed with the prophecy, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts," followed by Mme. Sainton in the air, "But who may abide the day of His coming?" which—according to Handel's own MS., a *facsimile* of which, in photo-lithography, is now at anybody's disposal, should also be allotted to a bass voice. It little matters, however, when sung so artistically as by Mme. Sainton. "He shall purify

the sons of Levi," the admirably-worked fugal chorus that succeeds, built upon two themes, the one staid, the other lively—the one as it were forming a counterpoint to the other—was given with singular unanimity by the multitude of voices; and the next piece—the prophecy of the Messiah's advent—beginning with the recitative, "Behold a virgin shall conceive," followed by the exultant and melodious air, "O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion!" (both sung in Mme. Sainton's best manner), and climaxed by the same melody, in full chorus, was as effective as usual. Here, as in the recitative and air that follow, "For behold darkness," and "The people that walked in darkness," Mr. Santley's enunciation of which could not easily be surpassed—the delicate execution of the accompaniment, by the orchestra and especially of those ingenious additions which Mozart put to the original score, could not fail to be remarked. This prophecy of darkness, and the sequel (the recitative and air), may be compared in descriptive power with the impressive choral recitative, "He sent a thick darkness"—one of the most graphic passages of *Israel in Egypt*, the oratorio which, with an interval of four years, immediately preceded the *Messiah*. The picturesque, immensely popular, and, in every respect, superb chorus, "For unto us a Child is born"—the fulfilment of the prophecy of the Son who is to save the world, a word in praise of which would be not merely superfluous but impertinent—was so splendidly given, not only at the striking passage, "His Name shall be called 'Wonderful,'" but from beginning to end, that a storm of applause ensued, and an encore nothing less than unanimous, was demanded. Mr. Costa, however (and we must applaud him for it), was inexorable; and thus a good part of the "Pastoral Symphony" was drowned in the clamor. What was heard, nevertheless, of this primitively simple and tuneful orchestral interlude, was thoroughly enjoyed. The string instruments, with those characteristic "trills" from the flutes, were faultless; and the old story of King George, declaring that during the performance of this movement he could imagine "he saw the stars shine," did not seem so absurd, after all. But it is one thing to hear the "Pastoral Symphony" with an ordinary orchestra, another to listen to it with a force of upwards of 400 players upon string instruments, the best to be found in England.

The pastoral scene that ensues, which commences the new section of the oratorio, and is thus appropriately prefaced, could hardly have been given better. All the recitatives of the angel who announces the coming of Christ, from "There were shepherds," to the end, were powerfully declaimed by Mlle. Tietjens. This accomplished lady also gave the air, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion," with exceeding force and brilliancy, showing herself an adept in the *bravura* style of Handel—who, had he never conciliated singers by writing for them according to their fancies, would have been, if possible, greater than he actually was. The jubilant chorus of angels, "Glory to God" (separating the recitatives from the air), which, commencing without basses (a frequent device with Handel), produces a peculiarly bright and resonant effect, was splendidly sung throughout. The passage, "And peace on earth," was a striking example of how a multitude of voices can, by an energetic and skilful conductor like Mr. Costa, be brought to do anything required of them. We have heard no more exquisite *pianissimo*. Equally good was the final orchestral symphony, by which an enthusiastic panegyrist has credited Handel with intending to describe the gradual disappearance of the hosts of angelic beings supposed to utter this jubilant hymn of praise to the All High. The lovely and consoling air, "He shall feed His flock—" of which, according to the same original authority of which we are indebted to the enterprise of Mr. Bowley for a photo-lithographic *facsimile* "Come unto Me" is merely the second verse, the whole being set down for a soprano voice—was, in accordance with an unwarrantable liberty, which years of impunity have appeared to sanction, divided between a contralto (Mme. Sainton) and a soprano (Mlle. Tietjens); and though both verses, as may easily be believed, were well sung, and both applauded, the superiority of Handel's original design was not the less convincing to any one conversant with the verbal text. The exhilarating chorus, "His yoke is easy, and His burden is light," with its continuous bass, against a florid melody, brought the first part to a close with admirable effect.

At the Festival of 1865 there was no pause between the two parts; but on the present occasion the singers and players were allowed to quit the orchestra for refreshment—an example which appeared to commend itself both to the taste and convenience of the enormous audience. Thus nearly an hour was spent, which enabled every one, while otherwise deriving consolation, to look back upon what had passed, and look forward to what was to come. We cannot but

think that the plan adopted this year is preferable to the other. Upwards of three hours of serious music at an uninterrupted sitting is, under any circumstances, too much for 99 persons out of 100. The result was that the second part of the *Messiah*, including the grand and pathetic music of the *Passion*, was more keenly enjoyed and thoroughly appreciated than could otherwise possibly have been the case. If this section of the oratorio is not absolutely the sublimest of all music, it is certainly the sublimest in the *Messiah*. The slow and measured phrases of "Behold the Lamb of God;" the deep feeling of "He was despised and rejected of men" (delivered by Mme. Sainton-Dolby as she invariably delivers it—in perfection): the superb series of choruses, setting forth with "Surely He hath borne our griefs," unsurpassed in pathos, and comprising the noble fugue, "And with His stripes we are healed," followed by the animated piece of "word-painting," "All we like sheep have gone astray," and terminating majestically with a choral phrase unequalled in solemn grandeur, "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all," produced an impression not to be forgotten. Sung with greater power and precision these choruses could hardly have been. That grave and wonderful piece of irony, "He trusted in God that He would deliver Him; let him deliver Him if He delight in Him," one of the most masterly, although one of the least pretentious of Handel's choral fugues, was not altogether so satisfactory. Nevertheless, it afforded a singular proof of the sway which Mr. Costa can exercise at will over a vast body of performers. Instead of opposing the chorus when they waver a little, he seems to give way to them—to follow rather than to lead [!]; but when the necessary point arrives upon which everything depends—as, for example, when the entire body have to sing together—by a sort of spell, the secret of which it is not easy to get at, the right equilibrium is found, and Mr. Costa, like a skilful and experienced helmsman, remains uncontrolled master of the ship he is steering. This is an art possessed by few conductors, but invaluably when there are a chorus and orchestra of some 4,000 to keep in check.

The rest of Part II. was for the most part beyond criticism. How Mr. Sims Reeves declaims the affecting recitatives and airs that devolve upon him in the *Passion* music of the *Messiah* our readers need not be told. From "Thy rebuke hath broken his heart" to "But thou didst not leave His soul in Hell" (happily now consistently assigned to the tenor voice, to which all the rest of this particular section belongs), he was faultless. The soul-stirring choruses, "Lift up your heads" ("Who is the King of Glory?") and "Let all the angels worship Him"—in which last Handel shows himself master of the most elaborate devices of counterpoint; the touching "How beautiful are the feet," sung with great earnestness by Mme. Rudersdorff, and finely accompanied on the flute by Mr. Radcliffe; the spirited air, "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?"—to execute the florid passages in which with more fluency and correctness than Mr. Santley would be impossible; the turbulent chorus, "Let us break their bonds asunder" (which afforded another instance of Mr. Costa's presence of mind under difficulties); the magnificent air (its sequel), "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," splendidly declaimed by Mr. Sims Reeves; and last and best, the chorus of choruses, the "Hallelujah" of "Hallelujahs," sung as we never remember to have heard it sung before, one after the other, created its never-failing impression—the climax being, of course, reached in the "Hallelujah," the effect of which, from such a multitude of strong and well-trained voices, with such an orchestra to accompany them, and such a conductor to keep them all together, beggars description. Loud, unanimous, and prolonged was the applause that followed this really wonderful display.

There remains little to add. The third part of the *Messiah*, allowing for the heavenly air of consolation, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" (admirably sung by Mlle. Tietjens), until we arrive at the transcendental final chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," which terminates with an "Amen" equal at least to the "Hallelujah," is a sort anti-climax. Some few pieces are omitted from the second part of the *Messiah*, at the Handel Festival performances; but more are omitted from the third part. And these omissions (however much we may regret the chorus, "The Lord gave the word, and great was the company of the preachers"—one of the most characteristically descriptive in the oratorio) are, we suppose, inevitable. Nevertheless, the impressive quartet, with chorus "Since by man came death," extremely well sung by Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sainton, Messrs. Cummings and Santley; the jubilant air, "The trumpet shall sound," given with remarkable vigor by the last-named gentleman, accompanied, as no other could have accompanied him, by Mr. T. Harper, in the trumpet *obbligato*.

gato part, and the glorious final chorus we have named—sung, like "Hallelujah," as we have never heard it sung till now—made the third part of the *Messiah* sufficiently interesting and terminated a performance of a great work unparalleled, in our experience.

The following were the numbers present:—Admissions on payment, 11,920; ditto by season tickets, 7,297; total visitors, 19,217.

SECOND DAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17.

At two o'clock precisely, that most rigid of disciplinarians and punctual of commanders, Mr. Costa, made his appearance in the orchestra, and, of course, was enthusiastically received. Then the performance began with the well made out selection from *Saul*, commencing with the chorus, "How excellent is Thy name," a condensed epitome of which comes further on, and ending with the "Hallelujah." To Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington was assigned the brief air, "An infant raised by Thy command," leading into the trio, "Along the monster atheist stode" (allotted, as at rehearsal, to a "semi-chorus"), which, had no such thing existed as "Wretched lovers" (in *Acis and Galatea*) might have been set down as graphic even for Handel. The sunny brightness, however, of the chorus that ensues ("The youth inspired")—in a major, as its precursor is in a minor key—shows that the illustrious musician knew thoroughly what he was about; and a further exemplification of this is afforded in the chorus, "Our fainting courage," beginning in strict "canon," for tenors and basses, and comprising two themes of very opposite characters, simultaneously and ingeniously treated. How the whole becomes homogeneous through the repetition of "How excellent is Thy name" (condensed), and how it is made complete by the brief but pointed and emphatic "Hallelujah" (again built upon two powerfully contrasted themes), all those who study Handel's music are aware. Nor is it requisite that we should expend one word upon the superbly impressive "Envy, eldest born of Hell," a chorus drawn from another part of the oratorio, in which the device of a continuous "ground bass"—only once interrupted, at the appalling progression of harmony, on the words "Hide thee in the blackest night," &c. is so employed that, while the chorus is going on, the ear is unconscious of the artifice. Thus do masters play with the most intricate contrivances. To this followed, as at rehearsal, the "Dead March"—"the sublime of simplicity." The whole of the selection from *Saul* was, in a word, most effectively given. The triumph of David over the giant chief, Goliath, musically celebrated by one who was a giant in his art, was never more strikingly illustrated by the combined resources of an army of voices and instruments. The appearance of Mlle. Nilsson was the signal for a general display of enthusiasm, renewed at the end of the accomplished Swedish songstress's delivery of the recitative, "O let eternal honors crown his name," which ushers in the somewhat unedifying air, "From mighty kings he took the spoil"—in spite of its commonplace ("gigue"-like) character, one of the most popular solos in *Judas Maccabæus*—the oratorio "after the heart of the Jews." This florid song was extremely well-delivered by Mlle. Nilsson; though strict Handelians might have raised an objection to the closing cadences, both in recitative and air, as not being precisely in the Handel vein. To Mlle. Nilsson succeeded Mr. Santley, who gave the fine dramatic air, "O voi dell' Erebo" (preceded by a recitative totally different from the one printed in the musical programme, issued by Messrs. Novello), from the early Italian oratorio, the *Resurrezione*, in his best manner; and as Mr. Santley followed Mlle. Nilsson, so Mlle. Nilsson again followed Mr. Santley, singing that other popular soprano air from *Judas Maccabæus*, known to all Handelians as "Wise men flattering may deceive you," which the new *prima donna* of Her Majesty's Opera gave with a beauty of voice and a purity of style difficult to surpass. Finer and more impressive still was the ensuing performance, that of the pathetic accompanied recitative, "Deeper, and deeper still," and its exquisitely melodious sequel, the air, "Waft her angels" (from *Jephthah*), which Mr. Sims Reeves never has given with deeper sentiment or more faultless taste. The splendid chorus, "He saw the lovely youth," from *Theodora*—of which Handel thought so highly, and which, each time it is heard, more particularly when sung as it was sung yesterday, must incline those not previously acquainted with it to endorse the favorable opinion of the master—followed next in order. The chorus, like the air, was given in perfection, and formed a worthy climax to the first part of the concert. Moreover, as Mr. Sims Reeves transposed "Waft her, angels" from G to G flat, and as the first movement of the *Theodora* chorus is in B flat minor, the one followed the other as naturally as any two of the *Lieder ohne Worte* of Mendelssohn, as arranged at

the interesting "Recitals" of Mme. Arabella Goddard; and the transposition seemed to have been done with this particular object in view, rather than as a fair protest against the more impracticable pitch of our English orchestras.

The second part was "inaugurated" with a glorious performance of the overture to the "*Occasional Overture*." To this succeeded the so-called "Nightingale Chorus," from *Solomon*, the delicate execution of which was beyond praise. Nothing could be more delightful than the melodious phrase:—

"Ye zephyrs, soft breathing, their slumbers prolong,
While nightingales lull them to sleep with their song."

—or than the charming passages in which the mighty master, not for the first (or the last) time, in a sportive mood, makes the violins imitate the nightingale's song. Of "Lascia ch'io pianga," from the opera of *Rinaldo*, and "O ruddier than the cherry," the burning love song of the giant Polyphemus (*Acis and Galatea*), it will suffice to say that the first was given with genuine expression by Mlle. Tietjens, and the last with such wonderful spirit by Mr. Santley, that, in spite of Mr. Costa's praiseworthy objection to the "encore" system, he was compelled to waive it in this instance, and to begin again from the *allegro*. The air, "Where'er you walk," and the chorus, "Now, Love, that everlasting boy," from *Semele*—an opera "after the manner of an oratorio," to which reference was made in our detailed account of the general rehearsal—came next, and both were right welcome, as absolutely new things to the large majority of those present. The air was admirably given by that steadily progressing artist, Mr. Cummings; and the chorus, as admirably delivered, impressed every hearer even more powerfully than it had done at the rehearsal. The other pieces in the second part were the tranquil duet, "O lovely peace" (*Judas Maccabæus*), which, as sung by Mlle. Nilsson and Mme. Sainton-Dolby, seemed to please the audience beyond measure; the long and elaborate air, "Sweet bird" (flute *obligato*, Mr. Radcliffe, from the Royal Italian Opera), extremely well sung by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington; and the magnificent chorus, "The many rend the skies," from *Alexander's Feast*, which was even more finely given than at the general rehearsal, when it was one of the conspicuous features. This second part, in its way, was quite equal to the first. There was not a "hitch," or a weak point, to be noted from beginning to end. The director and his "4000" followers seemed one, and the indication of Mr. Costa's "baton" were obeyed with such undeviating promptitude that we might almost have imagined they were superfluous.

The third part of the programme must be shortly dismissed. It commenced with one of the grandest of all the choruses of Handel, "Immortal Lord of earth and skies," from *Deborah*, and included the picturesque and splendid series of choruses from *Solomon*, beginning with "From the censer curling rise," and ending with "Thus rolling surges"—comprising also "Music spread thy voice around," "Shake the dome," and "Draw the tear from hopeless love" (one of Handel's most pathetic pieces). The intervening recitatives and airs were sung by Mme. Sainton-Dolby. Mlle. Tietjens gave the quiet "Pious Orgies," from *Judas Maccabæus*; Mme. Sainton, the no less quiet "What though I trace" (*Solomon*); Mlle. Carola, the jubilant "Let the bright Seraphim" (*Samson*), from which she omitted the second part, and in which she was superbly supported by Mr. T. Harper, in the *obligato* trumpet; Mlle. Kellogg, "O, had I Jubal's lyre" (from *Joshua*), one of the best and most legitimate pieces of Handelian singing of the day; and Mr. Sims Reeves, the irresistible war song (with chorus) from *Judas Maccabæus*, "Sound an alarm," in his own incomparably animated manner. The transposition of this air a tone lower robbed it of not one atom of its effect; and, in all probability, made it more like Handel's original key than it could possibly have been if sung in the key that now stands for what Handel meant as "D," but which, had Handel been alive to hear it, he would have mistaken for "E," or thereabouts, the pitch being now very nearly a tone higher than what it was in his time. The endeavor to obtain a repetition of "Sound an alarm" was, considering the lateness of the hour and the unprecedented length of the concert (fancy four hours of such music, even with a tolerably long interval between!), very properly disregarded by Mr. Costa. And so the concert ended—as it had ended on the second day of the Festival of 1865—with the perennial trio and chorus from *Joshua* (now always introduced in *Judas Maccabæus*), "See the conquering hero comes," the solo parts in the trio being assigned to Mlle. Tietjens, Mlle. Carola, and Mme. Sainton, and the whole magnificently performed.

THIRD DAY, JUNE 19.

The third and last performance was decidedly the

best of all. The day of *Israel in Egypt* has, from the commencement, been the day of the Handel Festival; and so it proved on the occasion under notice. The weather was splendid, the crowd was enormous, and the performance was unparalleled in our remembrance. If further testimony had been required to establish the fact that the very grandest of all choral works is the biblical oratorio *par excellence* of the mightiest master that ever made the choir subservient to his ends, it was amply furnished yesterday; and if any one present had doubted whether a host of singers and players numbering by thousands would be able to overweight Handel in Handel's loftiest flights, all doubt must speedily have been set at rest. The splendor of the music has long been recognized; the splendor of the execution cannot be adequately described.

The oratorio was preceded by the overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*, the brilliant performance of which, by the orchestra of 500 players, made even a stronger impression than at the miscellaneous selection on Wednesday. Nothing could have been more appropriately chosen. The final movement of the *Occasional* overture, a pompous procession march, was just the sort of thing to play while the multitude of visitors were being ushered to their seats, by those very courteous gentlemen—members, we believe, for the most part, of the Sacred Harmonic Society—who officiate as "stewards," or masters of the ceremonies. And so delighted were the audience with this same march that they insisted upon its repetition with a vehemence that Mr. Costa could not find it in his heart to resist; and so it was played again.

Grand as was the performance of the *Messiah* on Monday, that of *Israel in Egypt* yesterday was still grander. From first to last it was almost without a flaw. After Mr. Cummings (as at the Festival of 1865) had declaimed the opening recitative, "Now there arose a new King over Egypt," and Mme. Sainton had delivered the solo, "And the children of Israel sighed," the pathetic double chorus, "And their cry came up to God," in which the griefs of the enslaved people, under a monarch "that knew not Joseph," are so powerfully set forth, gave a genuine foretaste of the choral treat that was in store. Again, Mr. Cummings with well placed emphasis, having in the first recitative, "Then sent He Moses," &c., announced the first miracle, that wonderful chorus, "They loathed to drink of the river," a fugue of the gravest character (condensed from one of the six fugues for the harpsichord) with unaccustomed intervals and chromatic progressions, was sung in perfection by the gigantic choir. This single chorus, the first of the marvellous chain of choruses, descriptive of the plagues, inflicted upon the Egyptians by Moses and his brother Aaron, was remarkable as a contrast to the effect of the double chorus that precedes and the double choruses that follow it, and, with the single intervention of the contralto air, "Their land brought forth frogs" (one of the miracles which Handel was evidently disinclined to illustrate in chorus), proceed in uninterrupted succession to the end of the first part of the oratorio. How the air was sung by Mme. Sainton-Dolby we need not say. The choruses from this point to the termination of *Exodus* were given as we have never heard them given before. "He spake the word, and there came all manner of flies," one of the most elaborate and difficult, with its reiterated of the opening sentence, its characteristic passages for violins, illustrative of the plague "of flies and lice in all their quarters," and the striking phraseology of its concluding sentence, where "the locusts without number" are described as adding to the misery of the Egyptians, was all that could be wished. Of "He gave them hailstones" it is hardly necessary to speak. This marvellously simple and as marvellously expressive double chorus was more than ever overpowering; and, encoored, amid a storm of plaudits from every side, it was repeated as a matter of course. More admirable still, because more arduous and trying, was the sombre and expressive choral recitative, "He sent a thick darkness over all the land," in which, in spite of the daring and unaccustomed progressions of harmony, the intonation of the singers, up to the very last phrase for the basses—"even darkness which might be felt" was, from end to end, unwavering. How the music here rises to the sublimity of the verbal text was sensibly and unanimously felt. The series of choruses that ensue—from "He smote all the firstborn of Egypt," to "There was not one feeble person among their tribes"—which form virtually a connected piece, was without exception, superb. In these Handel's singular genius as a "word-painter" is powerfully evinced. As instances may be cited his manner of setting, at a special point, the emphasized monosyllables, "He—smote—the—chief—of—all—their—strength;" the lovely and suggestive melody which accompanies the sentence, "But as for his people, He led them forth like sheep;" that no less sugges-

tive passage, in the fugued style, "He brought them out with silver and gold"—in which it has, not altogether extravagantly, been remarked that "one might almost see the precious metals glitter and hear them clink;" and, last and perhaps finest, the triumphant asseveration, "not one feeble person" so persistently and obstinately reiterated. All this was admirable; and most especially to be praised was the exquisitely subdued *piano*, whenever the tuneful pastoral phrase, "He led them forth like sheep," occurs. Skipping the staid and somewhat rigid fugal chorus, "Egypt was glad when they departed," a connected series next occurs, even grander and more impressive than what has gone before. We need scarcely name the sublime declaration, "He rebuked the Red Sea," in which the chorus speak in a voice of thunder; its eloquent sequel ("*pianissimo*"), "And it was dried up;" "He led them through the deep;" and "But the waters overwhelmed their enemies." The large and stately theme of "He led them through the deep," given out first by the basses, one of the most striking in *Exodus*, is graphically suggestive of the miraculous passage of the chosen people through the divided sea; while the wonderful peroration, telling us, repeatedly and repeatedly, that not one of the enemy is left, and narrating the story of their annihilation, is a fitting climax. The execution of this, as of the solemn chorus, "And the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord by his servant Moses," which terminates the first part of *Israel in Egypt*, was worthy of the music. More we cannot say.

The second part, the *Song of Moses* (written first, as all know who interest themselves in Handel's biography), is even sublimer than *Exodus* itself. Here the miracles, in *Exodus* one by one described, are referred to in the midst of hymns of thanksgiving and praise. The choruses belonging to the *Song of Moses* are far more complex and elaborate than the choruses in the opening section of the oratorio. But from first to last—from "Moses and the children of Israel sang this song unto the Lord," with which it jubilantly sets out, to "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously," with which it as jubilantly comes to an end, both including the splendid episode, "The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea,"—they were as admirably given as any of those already enumerated. Two of the most difficult among them, the two most difficult, in short, in the entire work—"And with the blast of Thy nostrils the waters were gathered together," and "The people shall hear and be afraid"—were sung with as much precision and as much delicate observance of "light and shade" as if they had been the simplest, instead of the most intricate of them all. These were for many years, more or less stumbling blocks at the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in Exeter Hall; but now we heard them, in little short of perfection, from a chorus counting by thousands instead of hundreds. So much for the continuous study of Handel's choruses going on, not merely in London, but in the country, during the three years' interval that separates one Festival from another; so much, also, for the improvement in choral singing generally all over England—no little of which may be more or less directly traced to the influence of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and to that of the Sacred Harmonic Society's own child, the "Handel Festival." The only instance in the second part where the slightest wavering was detected, and where Mr. Costa's unequalled skill in putting things right was manifested with its wonted readiness, occurred in the very trying chorus, "And with the blast of Thy nostrils," of which that wonderfully descriptive passage, "And the floods stood upright as an heap," and that other no less descriptive, "And the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea," are prominent features. Here an occasional tendency to unsteadiness was immediately corrected as if by magic. This secret possessed by Mr. Costa would be an invaluable boon if communicated to the world of conductors at large. Among other remarkable exhibitions of choral power and precision in the *Song of Moses* must be named the exhilarating double chorus, "Thy right hand, O Lord, is become glorious in power," and that most characteristic piece of "word-painting" among all the fugued choruses, "Thou sentest forth Thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble"—the last of which more especially is not often so fortunate as to go from end to end as might be wished. But to leave the choruses, which in *Israel* are so numerous, varied, and superb, that we are tempted to forget other parts of the oratorio by no means underserving attention, it may suffice to add that the final chorus, "The horse and his rider"—the recitatives of Miriam the prophetess, which usher it in, being declaimed with consummate skill by Mdle. Tietjens—was a fitting and pompous climax to the whole.

The airs and duets of *Israel in Egypt*, though every one of them is excellent, are overshadowed by the

colossal proportions of the choruses. About the little there is of "solo" in the first part we have spoken. In the second a great deal more occurs. The three duets were all well sung—"The Lord is my strength," by Mdle. Tietjens and Madame Rudersdorf; "The Lord is a man of war," by Mdme. Sainton and Signor Foli (encored unanimously, in accordance with a long-prevailing custom); and "Thou in Thy mercy," by Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Cummings—whose exertions, by the way, during the Festival week demand a word of hearty recognition. The first of these duets is plaintive, the second animated, warlike, and declamatory, the third peaceful and fervently devotional. Each is in Handel's most finished style, and serves to exhibit in its particular sentiment the variety of emotional expression he invariably had at command. The two airs, "Thou didst blow with Thy wind," for soprano, and "Thou shalt bring them in," for contralto, were respectively assigned to Mdle. Tietjens and Madame Sainton-Dolby. The first, which, in addition to its melodious beauty, is remarkable for one of the most ingenious examples of Handel's employment of the ancient expedient of a "ground bass," was admirably given by Mdle. Tietjens, the second with true Handelian expression by Madame Sainton, one of the most experienced of Handelian singers. But at this Festival, as at every Handel Festival that has been held, beginning with the bold experiment in 1857, the sensation of the week was produced by "The enemy said, 'I will pursue, I will overtake,'" &c., an air which Mr. Sims Reeves has made his own, and which to sing after him would be an ungrateful task for any other living tenor. This superb air was, if possible, sung yesterday by Mr. Reeves more magnificently than on any previous occasion—magnificently as, we need scarcely remind our musical readers, he has so often sung it. He gave it, indeed, with a power of voice, a vigorous accent, a truth of intonation, a fluency, sustained from end to end, a fire and an enthusiasm which we never remember excelled. Every phrase had its well expressed meaning; every note told—even in the most rapid enunciation of *bravura* passages. Its effect was literally "electrical," and at the end a storm of applause broke out from every part of the building, in which the singers and players in the orchestra unanimously joined. To resist the encore under such circumstances was impossible, even for Mr. Reeves, the avowed enemy of encores, and the air was repeated with the same power and unflagging animation as before. A more marked impression was never produced by a solo performance. The 20,000 rose at Mr. Reeves, as the pit, according to Edmund Kean, on some memorable occasion, rose at Edmund Kean.

At the end of the oratorio, as at previous commemorations, the National Anthem was given (by chorus and orchestra—precisely as it was given on Monday). Then there was a loud and universal cry of "Costa," to which the indomitable conductor of the Handel Festival responded by repeated bows, retiring amid applause that seemed as though it would never cease. Mr. Bowley, too, the energetic general manager of the Crystal Palace, to whom the organization of these triennial gatherings is principally due, was loudly called for, but though he might gracefully have done so he made no appearance.

The numbers were.—Admission by season tickets, 13,809; on payment, 9,292; total visitors, 23,101. Saturday, June 20.

It is impossible just at present to obtain anything like an accurate financial account of the results of last week's series of performances. A comparison, however, between the numbers of persons who visited the Crystal Palace at the last Handel Festival, in 1865, and those who have attended the present meeting, may help to some estimate as to which was the more successful of the two. Subjoined is the official statement:—

	1865.		1868.
Rehearsal	15,420	Rehearsal	15,597
First Day	13,677	First Day	19,217
Second Day	14,915	Second Day	21,550
Third Day	15,422	Third Day	23,101
Total	59,434	Total	79,465

The Footsteps of Song.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

[We are permitted to print the following Poem, written by request for the closing Summer Concert of the New England Conservatory of Music, and read by the author, at the Boston Music Hall, on Monday evening, July 6, 1868.]

If you will call me, come with me. I'll lead you far away
From the limits of our Music Hall, the aspects of to-day.

We'll close this glittering door of life, and in dark memory scan
The childhood of the art we praise, the infancy of man.

Not vain should be this retrospect; the faith fond nature have
Follows beloved footsteps from the cradle to the grave;
And he who won with manhood's grief the blessings we enjoy,
Our hearts delight to think of him a little baby boy.

Art builded him a nursery in many a palace fair,
His mother in the Pitti proud doth tend her offspring rare;
And they, whose wonder gifts nor Prince nor Prelate thinks to scorn,
Lift o'er the altar and the throne the babe in manger born.

I have no pencil, heaven-imbued, to paint a theme so great,
Nor asks our Goddess to be throned in such transcendent state,
So I with humble instrument may praise her varied power
Who fills the marble palaces, who thrills the leafy bower.

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young." Sure that was long ago.
But was she ever young or old, like humankind, I trow?
The world, that out of chaos came, from childhood grows to age:—
Serenely with the stars she sits, and turns the teeming page.

She was not seen, she was not heard, till man, with piteous shrift
Of need and insufficiency, received her golden gift.
The state was wrought with bars of song, the temple and the throne;
The virtues first of measure came, that measure was her own.

Her mystic meaning breathed itself in poor and rustic toys,
The lyre its simple twanging made, the pipes their feeble noise,
The Satyr of the mountain cave, the Dryads of the grove
Her help did make intelligent. She taught the speech of love.

Grief rang his own sharp sentence out, and soothed himself to rest,
The dignity of utterance made even sorrow blest;
Man withers not in speechless pain, ungifted like the brute,
But pleads his own indignant cause, 'gainst Nature dread and mute.

Old legends keep the name of one so duteous and so deep,
That rocks and trees obeyed his call, and felt his master sweep.
Fair fable of surpassing powers we list in force and fate,
Thus, waiting Music's magic spell, we rest inanimate.

I see the stately theatres unfold their marble round,
Upon the rocks of Caucasus the Titan struggles bound.
Uncomforted of sea or sky, he falters not for pain,
But keeps the purpose that outlasts the adamantene chain.

The bird that by the seat of Jove doth plume his haughty wing,
Tells of the life he cannot waste, the hero suffering.

The God, who never felt a pang his magic could not cure,
Is conquered by the mortal's power, the will that can endure.

The gracious classic histories present their lessons fair,
False Phædra fevers for a heart that spurns her guilty prayer,
Orestes with his dark mates sits, and Jason's crafty wife
Contrives the poisoned wedding gifts that steal her rival's life.

Beneath the cloudless heaven of Greece, how fair that sunlit stage,
The poet's shining characters upon a sapphire page !
Like stars, that on God's highway move by mystical control,
Those glowing forms of passion mark the orbit of the soul.

Close nestling in the orchestra, the flutes and citherns vie
With the unfolding argument, the act accompany ;
The chorus rings its rhythms out, where sense with pathos blends,
And when the need grows imminent, the God himself descends.

Another hand doth beckon me ; beside his father's sheep
A stripling tunes his rustic harp, his tuneful watch doth keep.
No skill of sword or shield has he, but fiery minstrelsy
Lends him the spirit wings that win the heights of victory.

The psalm that glorifies the age, divinely deep and true,
He dreamed from that horizon vast, whose starry state he knew ;
A champion blest, a monarch crowned, the later world doth own
The conquest of the song that could Saul's bosom fiend dethrone.

Oh ! many a weary pilgrimage that falls on human-kind
Grows joyous by that master faith, that music-moulded mind.
By Jordan's river low we sit, and distant loves recall,
And Jordan grows a line of light, and God delivers all.

From these fair cradles of our race, whose infant need and cry
Found answer in the mother voice, the loving lullaby,
To sterner manhood we must pass, a shriller challenge hear,
Where on the seven crested hills Rome lifts her front severe.

Illustrious twins the she-wolf nursed, great births of power and law,
On Tiber's shore she stood at bay, and held the world in awe ;
While from those gates where Justice dwelt, and Reason held her rule,
A band of civic glories marched to keep mankind at school.

For them resounds the lituan tube, the trumpet of command,
The shield upon the fearless breast, the spear in sinewy hand ;
Nor wanted they the softer tones that soothe the bitter strife,
When Virgil sang the end of Troy, and Horace, love and life :

"I builded me a monument, more permanent than brass,
A pyramid above the height of regal seats that pass ;
The biting rain shall mar it not, the wind with powerless spite

Shall turn his fury elsewhere, and curb his vanquished might.

"The series of the years, the flight of time I shall not fear,
Of whom not every thing shall pass the funeral limbo's drear.
My praise shall grow in regions far, in days as long to come,
As priest and silent virgin climb the master shrine of Rome."

Again I bid you pause and look, where, in a chamber dim,
The Master breaks the bread of dole, and sings the parting hymn.

"Remember me." We hear him still, and keep, with answering breath,
The record of his tenderness, in living and in death.
Far as the Roman catacombs, deep winding in the earth,

The echo of that music breathes, low stifled at its birth ;

"*Et resurrexit*," they exclaim, whose hidden doctrine waits

To weave the web of circumstance, and mould the form of states.

The shrine of Jove is overthrown, his eagle leaves the sky

Where burns a brighter messenger, a light that will not die.

Brave rode the monarch at the front, but chief and ranks fell down

Before the pledge of victory, the cross above the crown.

But conquest has its ebb and flow, its pæan and its dirge,

As fill and empty human hearts, as billows suck and surge.

The glowing empire of the East forsook its broken line,

And scattered to the trampling hordes the pearls of Palestine.

For Nature, in rude bosoms pent, maintains her lordly way

Against pale arts of luxury, and law's despotic sway ;

And Jesu's olives soothed no more the Christian's earnest dream,

Profaned and plundered, like the groves of Plato's Academe.

And after that consummate light, that Pentecostal flame,

The darkness of the Gods removed on all the nations came ;

For Pan was dead, and Jesu risen, whose truth in infancy

Rough nurse and bitter birthplace had, compelled to fast and flee.

Then slowly man to man appeared, as star to star on high,

And mountains and morasses teemed with dark humanity ;

While fiery Gaul and fruitful Spain yet bore the Roman yoke,

Lo ! from his dim Druidic isle the distant Briton spoke.

From South to North, from East to West, the waves grew never still

That bore the circling sympathy of human good and ill ;

The harmonies that gathered there no further silence knew,

As starts a babe with pulse that thrills his whole existence through.

Song came, and carried succor back. With mail upon their breasts,

The grim Crusaders took their way, remote and dreaded guests.

"Restore the sacred tomb of Christ," demands their battle cry,
"We gladly yield our blood for him, who for our weal did die."

The valiant summons swelled and sank, for not with martial power

The kingdom comes whose silent growth o'ertakes the sleeping hour ;

The sceptre briefly they retained, the crown doth still belong

To those whose deeds of bravery survive in Tasso's song.

But music two-fold measure has, the plummet and the square,

And all masonic mysteries her moulding impress wear.

Now rose the mighty minster up, as human hearts aspire,

Its arches lifted to infold the soul's prophetic fire.

Of those grand days the voice and tune to us are wholly lost,

We read their purpose in the stone, fine sculptured and embossed,

In mass book and in ritual, in pageant old and quaint,

In rainbows lighting solemn aisles, with virgin and with saint.

But Faith grew feeble in her cage, and sickened, near to die,

While ventured none to ope the door, and let the captive fly,

Till one clear voice from cloister broke, from mass and vespers fair,

"A fortress is our God," it sang, "in freedom let us dare.

"The form is but the picture of the truth within the heart,

The bonds of custom give us not the miracles of art ;

Trust we the inner thought, revealed in doctrine and in rhyme,

And build no prison to resist the prophecies of time."

I follow now a sailor's song, a chorus rudely trolled

Of courage for the new world sails, disdainful of the old ;

The master walks the narrow deck, and threads the boundless sea,

Seeking the outlet of the age, through pain and jeopardy.

And Music in his sails went forth, who travels every where,

To consecrate the virgin land with order and with prayer ;

Well pleased that new found realm she trod, but veiled her brow for shame,

And quenched her flaming utterance when dark Pizarro came.

The Saxon sends his mission, too, a band of stern intent,

With all life's broad machinery for work and worship pent ;

Firm from the Mayflower's deck doth rise, at dawn and closing day,

The strophe of the manhood that the Stuarts chased away.

Not broadly did its measure run, the shrill and nasal psalm,

Which yet in wounded spirits breathed deep peace and patience calm ;

That music held them thrice resolved, and hung its silvery shield

Between the savage warwhoop and the hearts that would not yield.

Then Faith, the Orpheus of our day, walked thro' the untrodden wild,

Order and form did follow fast, and hill and forest smiled.

Rocks into gracious shapes were wrought, and lofty trees laid low,
Till in green ways the thrifty Age did journey to and fro.

Yet back to Europe flits my song, to certain tie-wigs grand,
Crowned in immortal state beyond the monarch of the land.

There Handel's wit of weighty mould the wondrous legend dreamed,
That lifts our hearts at Christmas tide, from trash and toil redeemed.

And Haydn wrought "on mighty pens," and earth, "with verdure clad,"

In him her blest interpreter, her tuneful teacher had.
And he who stands in metal here,* with heavenly care and haste,
Filled high the costly cup of joy he gave and could not taste.

Oh friends! I meet you here to-day, in precincts loved of all,
This is the home of our delight, our pleasant Music Hall.

Here rank on rank the singers rise, the well-tuned strings below
With reeds and fiery brasses blend, to give the goods we know.

And churches bristle thro' the land, and chambers of debate,
And halls where sleepy judges sit, and ministers of state;
And banks where golden treasure hides, while paper flies about,
No matter how it enters in, it never can get out.

But this shall be our temple, whene'er a harmless sacrifice
Of willing hands and loving hearts in melody shall rise;
The paper that is gathered here, in golden song returns,
And all our strivings end in peace, for which all Nature yearns.

For we have had our discords, when the dominant abroad
Controlled our modulations, kept us manacled and awed,
Until a certain saucy tune our drums and fifes did play,
And "Yankee Doodle went to town," and Bull, he went away.

Then grew our untaught symphony, until from shore to shore
It grasped the sister oceans, and the northern torrents' roar.
The mountain passes staid it not, the wide unwatered plains,
The flinty soil grew merciful, and yielded golden gains.

It grew until its very growth new sharps and minors woke,
Till, strained with distance and with doubt, the bond of friendship broke;
And battle cry to psalm changed, and psalm changed to knell,
Before the shriek of agony that marked where Lincoln fell.

The bow that from the tempest springs, has seven sister rays,
Whose numbers mate the notes that range in Nature's hymn of praise.
No storm that rears its horrors high, in wild, Titanic mood,
But yields to that fair messenger, that harbinger of good.

The seven notes are lent to us for wide and weighty themes,
To follow hidden meanings out, to cope with mystic dreams.

Though all Creation stand aghast at dissonance abhorred,
It knows a never failing hand that strikes the master chord.

That hand doth loose terrific powers that agonize and smite,

That hand upon the bow of peace its prophecy doth write;

That hand maintains its argument, to hearing and to sight,

It bears the crown of harmony, the victories of light.

* Crawford's statue of Beethoven.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 18, 1868.

The Catholicity of Music.

Music is religious and prophetic. She is the real Sibyl, chanting evermore of unity. Over wild, waste oceans of discord floats her silvery voice, the harbinger of love and hope. Every genuine strain of music is a serene prayer, or bold, inspired demand, to be united with all, at the Heart of all things. Her appeal to the world is more loving than the world can yet appreciate. Kings and statesmen, and men of affairs, and men of theories, would stand aside from their own over-rated occupations to listen to her voice, if they knew how nearly it concerned them, how much more it goes to the bottom of the matter, and how clearly she foresees humanity's great destiny. The soul that is truly receptive of music learns angelic wisdom, and grows more child-like with experience. The sort of experience which music gives does not plough cunning furrows in the brow of the fresh soul, nor darken its expressive face by knitting there the tangled lines of Satan. Here, the most deeply initiated are in spirit the most youthful; and Hope delights to wait on them.

The sentiment of unity, strongest and deepest sentiment in man, the great affection into which all his affections flow—to find, not lose themselves; which looks to the Source when little wants conflict, and straightway they are reconciled in emulous ardor for the glory of the whole; which lifts a man above the thought of self, by making him in every sense fully himself, by reuniting his prismatic, party-colored passions into one which is as clear and universal as the light; the sentiment which seeks only universal harmony and order, so that all things, whether of the inner or of the outer world, may be perfectly transparent to the love in which they have their being, and that the sole condition of all peace and happiness, the consciousness of one in all and all in one, may never more be wanting;—that is what the common sense of mankind means by the religious sentiment,—that is the pure essence of religion. Music is its natural language, the chief rite of its worship, the rite which cannot lose its sacredness; for music cannot cease to be harmony, cannot cease to symbolize the sacred relationship of each to all, cannot contract a taint, any more than the sunbeam which shines into all corners. Music cannot narrow or cloak the message which it bears; it cannot lie; it

cannot raise questions in the mind, or excite any other than a pure enthusiasm. It is God's alphabet, and not man's, unalterable and unpervertible: suited for the harmony of the human passions and affections; and sent us, in this their long winter of disharmony and strife, to be a perpetual type and monitor, rather say an actual foretaste, of that harmony which must yet come. How could there be religion without music? That sentiment would create it again, would evoke its elements out of the completest jargon of discords, if the scale and the accords, and all the use of instruments, were forgotten. Let that feeling deepen in our nation, and absorb its individual ambitions, and we shall have our music greater than the world has known.

There was an age of faith, though the doctrinal statements and the forms thereof were narrow. Art, however, freed the spirit which the priest imprisoned. Music, above all, woke to celestial power and beauty in the bosom of a believing though an ignorant age. The Catholic church did not neglect this great secret of expression and of influence; and the beautiful free servant served it in a larger spirit than itself had dreamed of. Where it could not teach the Bible, where its own formal interpretations thereof were perhaps little better than stones for bread, it could breathe the spirit of the Bible and of all love and sanctity into the most ignorant and thoughtless worshipper, through its sublime Masses, at once so joyous and so solemn, so soul-subduing and so exalting, so full of tenderness, so full of rapture uncontrollable, so confident and so devout. In these, the hearer did, for the time being, actually live celestial states. The mystery of the cross and the ascension, the glorious doctrine of the kingdom of heaven, were not reasoned out to his understanding, but passed through his very soul, like an experience, in these all-permeating clouds of sound; and so the religion became in him an emotion, which could not so easily become a thought, which had better not become such thought as the opinionated teachers of the visible church would give him. The words of the *Credo* never yet went down with all minds; but their general tenor is universal, and music is altogether so. Music extracts and embodies only the spirit of the doctrine, that inmost life of it which all feel, and miraculously revivifies and transfigures the cold statements of the understanding with the warm faith of feeling. In music there is no controversy; in music there are no opinions: its springs are deeper than the foundations of any of these partition walls, and its breath floats undivided over all their summits. Less danger to the Catholic whose head is clouded by dull superstitions, so long as his heart is nourished and united with the life of all lives by this refreshing dew!

The growing disposition, here and there, among select musical circles, to cultivate acquaintance with this form of music, is a good sign. What has been called sacred music in this country has been the least sacred in everything but the name, and the forced reverence paid to it. With the superstitions of the past, the soul of nature also was suppressed; and the free spirit of music found small sphere amid our loud protestings. A joyless religion of the intellect merely, which could almost find fault with the sun's shining, closed every pore of the self-mortified and frozen soul against the subtle, insinuating warmth

of this most eloquent apostle of God. The sublime sincerity of that wintry energy of self-denial having for the most part passed away, and the hearts of the descendants of the Pilgrims having become opened to all worldly influences, why should they not be also visited by the heavenly corrective of holy and enchanting music, which is sure to call forth and to nourish germs of loftier affection. Can the bitter spirit of sectarianism, can the formal preachings of a worldly church which strives to keep religion so distinct from life, can the utilitarian ethics of this great day of trade, give the soul such nourishment and such conviction of the higher life as the great religious music of Bach and Handel, Mozart and Haydn and Beethoven? The pomp and pageantry of the Mass we have not. But the spiritual essence lives in the music itself; and a mere quartet of voices, a social friendly group, bound alike by moral and by musical sympathies, may drink this inspiration, may pour it out on others. The songs and operas of the day, which take the multitude, become insipid in comparison with such music.

In music of this kind, there is somewhat that is peculiar to the individuality of the composer; but there is more that is universal, true to the inmost meaning of all hearts. Every sentiment, if it is deep enough, becomes religion; for every sentiment seeks and tends to unity, to harmony, to recognize of the one in all. And every sentiment in music is expressed in its purity, and carried up as it were to the blending point of all the emotions in one, which is the radical desire and feeling of the soul, its passion to be one with God.

The church afforded to genius that sphere, for its highest and holiest ambition, which it found not elsewhere. The Masses of Haydn are more numerous, and more of them elaborate great efforts, than those of Mozart, many of whose Masses were composed at so early an age; and his genius steadily drew him towards that sphere of music, in which he was destined to reign supreme,—the opera. But, though to Haydn we must grant the very perfection of artistic skill and grace, a warm and childlike piety, and a spirit of the purest joy; and though at times he has surpassing tenderness; still there is an indescribable atmosphere, an air of inspiration, a gushing forth as of the very warmest, inmost life-blood, in Mozart's religious music, which affects us, even when it is simpler than Haydn's with more power. Religion takes in Haydn more the form of gratitude and joy. The mournfulness of a *Miserere* or a *Crucifixus* of his is a passive mood, where the subject calls for it, rather than a permanent and inherent quality in the whole music of his own being. His ground tone seems to be a certain domestic grateful sense of life, in which the clearest order and the sweetest kindness and thankfulness for ever reign. In Mozart the ground tone is love, the very ecstasy and celestial bliss of the re-union of souls long separated, at once romantic and platonic, sensuous, and yet exalting the senses to a most spiritual ministry. In him we have what is nearest to the naked soul of music,—its most ethereal, transparent, thrilling body. One would scarce suppose, that the soul of Mozart ever inhabited any other body than those melodies and harmonies in which it dwells for us. Something of a personal love, however, is felt in his most religious strains: it is

the worship of the Holy Virgin; the music of that phase of the religious sentiment, which Swedenborg might call conjugal love.

To Beethoven's two Masses, especially the great one in D, it comes most natural to add the term *solemn*; for, with him, all is a great effort. It is the very sentiment of the man,—aspiration, boundless yearning to embrace the Infinite. With him the very discontent of the soul becomes religion, and opens sublime visions, which are like a flying horizon of ever near, yet unattainable order and beauty. In the inexhaustibleness of the heart's cravings, he finds revelations; and out of those depths, with gloomy grandeur, with fire now smothered and now breaking out, and always with a rapt impetuosity, the worship of his nature springs, escaping like a flame to heaven.

Then, too, besides this captivating music of the Catholic church, we should think of the plain Choral, the voices of the united multitude, in simple, solemn sublime strains, presenting themselves as one before the Lord. Even our modern psalm, as monotonous and artificial as it often is, satisfying scarcely more than the grammatical conditions of a musical proposition has oftentimes an unsurpassable grandeur. Where thousands sing the same slow melody, the mighty waves of sound seem to wake in the air their own accompaniment, and the effect is that of harmony. On this broad popular basis, Bach and Handel built. Bach expresses the deep, interior soul and spirituality of Protestantism; the religion of personal experience is more his theme. Handel, too, is Protestant, the people's man, in music. In him the great sentiment of a common humanity found expression. The individual vanishes: it is the mighty music of humanity; his theme, the one first theme, and properly the burden of all music, humanity's looking-for and welcome of its Messiah. What a prediction and foreshadowing of the future harmony and unity of the whole race is that great Oratorio! What are those choruses, those hallelujahs and amens, but the solemn ecstasy, the calm, because universal and all-sympathizing, everywhere sustained excitement, which all souls shall feel, when all shall feel their unity with all humanity, and with all to God.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—We have wished our paper to contain the fullest and most appreciative record we could find of this colossal affair, and we believe the report we copy from the *London Times* will be perused with interest in spite of its great length. At the same time we take the liberty of printing the following extract from a purely private letter (dated London, June 21, a day after the Festival) which we have received from a well known member of our musical world.

"The great Handel Festival is over, and I hasten to say to you a little about it. A little, for it was one of those grand, those immense undertakings, which any attempt of such a weak pen as mine, must utterly fail to describe. By this I do not mean that the performances were perfect; no indeed. I would merely refer to the colossal, imposing mass of sound. The choruses often moved with a great deal of uncertainty, and steadiness for more than sixteen or twenty-four bars in any of them was very rare. It might have gone a great deal better, and I think it could have gone better, for the material was there.

"The different parts of the immense choir were splendidly represented, each voice seemed to tell, which means a great deal, if you remember the number that took part; only think of 800 voices on each part, making 3200 in all, and a band which had: 101 first Violins, 96 second Violins, 73 Tenors, 64 Cellos and 66 Double-Basses, besides 92 of wind instruments, drums, &c., &c. The effect of sound was at

times overpowering, with one great defect, however, viz.: whenever the four parts of the Chorus sang together in a *ff*, or even *f*, there was not a single sound to be heard either from the violins, tenors or violoncellos. Bases, trombones, trumpets and drums were kings, and overshadowed all but the Chorus, which sounded, as I said before, inexpressibly grand at times. The three concerts (and the preceding rehearsal) have been attended by 88,000 people altogether.

"Amongst a great many operas and concerts that I have heard during the short time here, there are two representations that I shall always think of with great delight. The first is the opera of *'Medea'*, by Cherubini, a most beautiful work, and splendidly given by all that took part, particularly by Tietjens and Santley. The second was a *'Piano-Recital'* by Hallé, of which I enclose the programme:

Impromptu in B flat, Op. 142, No. 3. Schubert.
Variations in D, No. 12. Beethoven.
Song.
Fantaisie Sonata, in G, Op. 78. Schubert.
Impromptu in G, Op. 90, No. 3. Schubert.
Fantaisie, in G minor, Op. 77. Beethoven.
Song.
Impromptu, in A flat, Op. 142, No. 2. }
Moment Musical, in F minor, Op. 94, No. 3. } Schubert.
Rondo a Capriccio, in G. Op. 129. Beethoven.

"I will mention another concert, which was given to invited guests by the Queen, at Buckingham Palace, at which Adelina Patti, Christine Nilsson, Mongini, Santley, Graziani, Miss Draschill and Mr. Cummings took part, besides orchestra and chorus, and where I had the pleasure to be invited. The concert was finely, most beautifully performed, and best of all the parts assigned to Nilsson and Patti. . . . And now you may imagine my astonishment, when, in walking in to Drury Lane the other night to hear *'Medea'*, I met our friend Ch. C. Perkins in the corridor; he had just that evening arrived from Paris.

"The reception I have here is, from all sides, the most hearty and cordial, which has made my visit very, very pleasant."

GERMANY. Richard Wagner's comic opera "*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*" was performed for the first time on the 21st of June, in Munich. Herr Richard Pohl, in the *Leipzig Signale*, pronounces it a complete success. As to its fabulously great length, he says: "The 1st act, inclusive of the overture, lasted 1 hour and 17 minutes; the 2nd, 55 minutes; the 3d (which is divided by a lowering of the curtain) 1 hour and 51 minutes. So that the music, all told, lasts only (!) 4 hours and 3 minutes, and the whole performance, counting pauses, 4 hours and 40 minutes. We know many grand operas," he says, "which last as long, and many shorter ones which . . . are longer!"—"There is enough music in these *Meistersingers* to serve another composer, supposing him to have any such power of invention, for half a dozen operas. There is a richness of invention in this score, a wealth of outline, ornament, coloring, in short all sorts of detail work, such as we find in no other opera of Wagner's if we except *Tristan*, which is of course wholly different in style."

The performance too is pronounced a masterpiece: an admirable orchestra conducted by Hans von Bülow, singers and actors of the first rank, an exquisite chorus, a model *mise en scène*, &c. The prominent parts were those of Herr Betz (as *Hans Sachs*), Nachbauer (*Walther von Stolzing*), Hölzel (*Beckmesser*), Schlosser (*David*, apprentice to *Sachs*), Fr. Mallinger (*Eva*), and Fr. Dietz (*Eva's nurse*). A long list is given of noted artists, theatre directors, capellmeisters, composers, journalists, from all parts of Europe, who were present at the performance. Even Paris had its half dozen representatives, including Pasdeloup.—But we have yet to hear the soberer judgments.

A concert in aid of a Mendelssohn monument was given in the new Leipzig theatre on the 18th ult. The Overtures to *Athalie* and *Meeressüßle*, and the Reformation Symphony (first time in Leipzig) were given under the direction of Julius Rietz, from Dresden. Mme. Joachim sang Mendelssohn songs, and Herr Joachim played the Mendelssohn Concerto and an Adagio by Spohr. The Octet, too, was played by such artists as Joachim, David, Röntgen, Grütz-macher, &c.

Professor E. F. Richter, of the Leipzig Conservatorium, and organist at the Nicolai Church, (author, also, of the excellent "Manual of Harmony," translated by J. P. Morgan, and published in New York), succeeds Hauptmann in Sebastian Bach's old place of Cantor at the Thomas-Schule.

Schumann's *Faust* music was recently performed in Basle, with the aid of Julius Stockhausen.

The Congress of Musical Artists (of "the Future") is held this year in Altenburg, beginning to-day and lasting through next Thursday. The following works by members are to be performed: R. Wagner, "Love Feast of the Apostles";—F. Liszt: 13th Psalm, "Fest Song to the Artists," 137th Psalm, Fugue on the name B A C H, and Songs;—Theodor Schneider, *Kyrie*;—G. Rebling, Motet;—D. H. Engel, Motet on the Reformation Festival;—W. Stade: two Old-German Songs, Hymn, Allegro for Orchestra, Song;—F. Thieriot, "Loch Lomond, a Symphonic Fancy-picture";—Huberti, Andante from a Suite for Orchestra;—W. Speidel, Trio for piano, violin, &c.;—G. Herrmann, Octet for string instruments;—C. Götz, Aria from the Opera "The Hero of the North";—F. Grützner, Concerto for violoncello;—Hermann Zopff, Fugue for two pianos;—C. Thern, Nocturno and Scherzo for two pianos;—G. Huber, pieces for violoncello; Songs by A. Horn, E. Büchner, O. Bolck, and Ph. Rüfer. Besides which, the *Requiem* by Berlioz will be given entire for the first time in Germany, and his *Symphonie Fantastique*; also the following by older masters: a Mass by Palestrina; a Motet ("Jesu meine Freude"), as well as organ, violin and song pieces, by J. S. Bach; Handel's "Acis and Galatea"; Aria from Clari's *Stabat Mater*; Psalm by Marcello; two of Beethoven's sacred songs to words by Gellert; Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques*.

NEW YORK. The *Albion* says: "We take great pleasure in informing our readers that the Academy of Music is positively let to Mr. Mapleson, the London impresario, for an early winter season of Italian Opera. He will bring over Titiens, Nilsson, Miss Kellogg, and the elite of his company."

The following programme (says the *Weekly Review*) of a concert by the Choir of the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, given last Sunday, very eloquently testifies to the taste and culture of the choir itself, and its able leader, Mr. E. Eberhard:

Ecce Sacerdos. Stadler.
Arranged for Orchestra, by E. Eberhard.
The Virgin's Prayer. Reinsager.
F sharp minor Trio for Violin, Cello and Organ.
By Messrs. Listemann, Hennig, and Eberhard.
Mass in C. L. V. Beethoven.
A. Kyrie. B. Gloria. C. Credo.
Laetatus Sum. M. Haydn.
Arranged for Orchestra, by E. Eberhard.
D. Sanctus. E. Benedictus. F. Agnus Dei.
Laudate Dominum. F. Mendelssohn.
Arranged for Orchestra, by E. Eberhard.
Jupiter Symphonie (Allegro vivace). Mozart.

The same paper alludes to the very curious programme offered by Mr. Howard Glover "for his benefit, at Niblo's Garden, last Saturday. First comes his own operetta ('Once too Often') with the following characters: *Blanche de Marange*, Miss Fanny Stockton; *Hortense de Caylus*, Miss Lizzie Wilmore; *Count Marcellac*, Mr. Arthur Mathison; *Baron Pomperink*, Mr. Gustavus F. Hall. Then we are to have Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, with dance and pantomimic illustrations by Costa, performed by Jarrett & Palmer's Parisienne Ballet Troupe; Scene by the Rivalet; Phillis and Corydon—Mlle. Sohke and M. Van Hamme. As a fit finale to all this a monster concert is offered. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony illustrated by the White Fawn Ballet Troupe is new and gives fresh life to the theory of Wagner, that in the works of art of the future all the arts ought to concur. Poor Wagner probably never dreamt that his idea would be first applied to an old symphony of Beethoven; just as this master surely never imagined that his lovely musical tone-pictures of rural life would form the theme of modern leg-opera."

The *Athenaeum* thus remarks on Mlle. Schneider's personation of the Grand Duchess:

One daily paper has not hesitated to affirm that Mlle. Schneider's *Grand Duchess* is quite as unique in its way as the *Othello* of Kean. We may assume that this opinion was entertained by a majority of the

members of crowned and disrowned houses who thronged the theatre on the 22d of June. Not even when Rachel, by nature the most powerful dramatic genius of our generation, filled the stage with her slight presence, was St. James's Theatre honored by so many of the "curled darlings of fortune." And what was the attraction? A lady whose vocal qualification consists of a very small voice which she has apparently never learnt to use, who, as an actress, depends chiefly for effect upon looks and gestures, and who, as to her appearance, might be described, unless her diamonds belie her, as being "fat, fair and forty." Mlle. Schneider has the incontestable merit of being always thoroughly in earnest, a sure means of attaining success on the stage, and she has the still more puissant advantage of being untrammelled by any considerations of convenience. Thus, when she first comes on she makes her admirers roar with laughter by the lady-like trick of cutting *General Boun* across the waistcoat with her whip. She takes the audience into her confidence with a wink, and expresses her sudden passion for *Fritz* by a spasmodic kick. Mlle. Schneider shows great tact in the management of her slender vocal means in quick movements, such as the commonplace "Voici le sabre de mon père," which pursues one through the opera as though it were the musical spirit of a vulgar bore; but in the only cantabile solo in the work, "Dites lui," her deficiency in musical education becomes as conspicuous as the inability of the composer to express sentiment.

THE RELATION BETWEEN POETRY AND MUSIC is well shown in the following extract from Hauptmann's "Die Natur der Harmonik und der Metrik," translated by John P. Morgan, of New York:

It is certainly only half in jest that an æsthetician has said that poetry, in connection with music, seems to have no other right except the right to be bad with impunity; poetical in contents and expression it must always be, if it is to allow of musical representation. Mattheson once offered to compose music to a street directory. The contents of a directory or bill of fare would, however, offer little for musical expression; the joy over familiar names in the former, and articles of food in the latter, could, to be sure, be expressed musically; but to emphasize the text according to its verbal expression, give it shading in its details, can no more be the office of music than it is its office naturally to do the opposite. Its province is, to express in connection, in the language of feeling, what the comprehensible language of words can present only in a separate and successive manner. When the latter speaks of joy and suffering, and must mention especially first the one and then the other, music can and should express suffering in joy and joy in suffering—not, however, necessarily emphasizing the one word joyfully and the other sorrowfully.

Musical expression leaves the expression of poetical language far behind it in this respect; and music, where it is not merely declamatory, merely word-toning, will always make poetry subordinate. Verbal expression has no other claim on musical, except that it should not be violated by incomprehensible, nonsensical emphasis; not that the music should enter into all its details and seek to express them with tones, for music expresses the complex feeling contained in the words, not the words themselves.

Music may be compared to algebra, language to arithmetic. What music contains generally expressed, language can express only as something special. The algebraic formulae exhibit the interweaving and working of the factors—the factors and the product in one; arithmetic, either the factors alone or the product alone. The former, however, is applicable to an infinite number of determinable single values. Thus it is with music. We have often seen the attempt made to express the contents of a piece of instrumental music in words, in a poem. The result can never be satisfactory. If we take the algebraic expression, $a+b=c$, and wish to substitute for it $2+3=5$, the application of the formula is certainly a perfectly correct one; but an infinite number of other values may be substituted for a and b , which result in c as a different sum, although the content of the formula is satisfied as completely by the combination of factors. Thus, also, music may find the most various expression in words: and of no one can it be said that it is the exhaustive one—that it contains the one only, and the whole signification of the music; for this is contained in the most definite manner only in the music itself. Not that music has an indefinite sense; it says the same to every one; it speaks to the man, and says only what is humanly felt. An ambiguity first appears, if each in his own way attempts to embody in a particular thought the impression upon the feelings which he experiences; attempts to give form to the ethereal essence of music; to express what, in words, is inexpressible.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Young Peter once came softly nigh. (Pierre, un beau jour). 2. F to f. "Barbe-Bleue." 30
Know you not that in my Castle. (J'ai pas bien loin). 2. Ab to g. "Barbe-Bleue." 30
Let us, from the vale ascending. (Mortes, sortez). 2. D to d. "Barbe-Bleue." 30
Three more songs from "Blue-Beard." In the first the frightened Boulotte is confessing various trifling faults to the Knight, who is about to put her to death. In the second, Blue-Beard, having sacrificed his sixth help-mate, is interceding (with the help of a few regiments of guards), for his seventh. In the third, the six wives, supposed to be dead, again appear on the scene. The melodies are simple and pleasing.
The Blooming Flowers. 4. D minor and major to f sharp. Keller. 35
A good song, with varied melody.
Geo. Erastus Wm. Henry Brown. 2. F to f. Murphy. 30
Very lively and comical.
Why fade so soon, sweet blossoms? 3. D to f. Gounod. 30
A romance, in Gounod's well-known pleasing style.
God bless the friends we love. 2. A to e. Blamphin. 30
A good, hearty song, of easy compass, and sweet melody.
Beneath yon beauteous Star. 2. D to e. Godfrey. 30
Appropriate words, applied to the melody of the favorite Murska Waltz by Godfrey.
Little Sunbeam. 2. D to f sharp. H. Farmer. 30
Rightly named, a happy, sunny melody, which is good to hear in a house.
Down where the Birdies sing. 2. Eb to f. King. 30
Charming little love song, with pretty chorus.
The Sea hath its Pearls. 3. G to e. Booth. 35
A song of classic beauty.
Aileen. Song and Cho. 2. Eb to f. Wellman. 35
The solo may be changed into a duet, by singing small notes. Pretty ballad in popular style.
Happy thoughts of thee. Song and Cho. 3. G to d. French. 30
Quite pleasing.
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The little blue flower and the songs about it are liked as much as ever.
My Mother's Name. 2. Eb to f. Wrighton. 30
One of the best of "mother" songs.
From the Dust. (Dal Profondo). 5. Ab to eb. Campana. 40
An impressive prayer, or call for mercy. Suitable for church or concert room.
Wake, lady, wake. For Guitar. 2. C. "Dr. of Alcantara." 35

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Sprightly, with the melody introduced, "On the beach at Newport."
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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is marked with a capital letter, as C, B flat, &c. A small Roman letter marks the highest note, if on the staff, an italic letter the highest note, if above the staff.

